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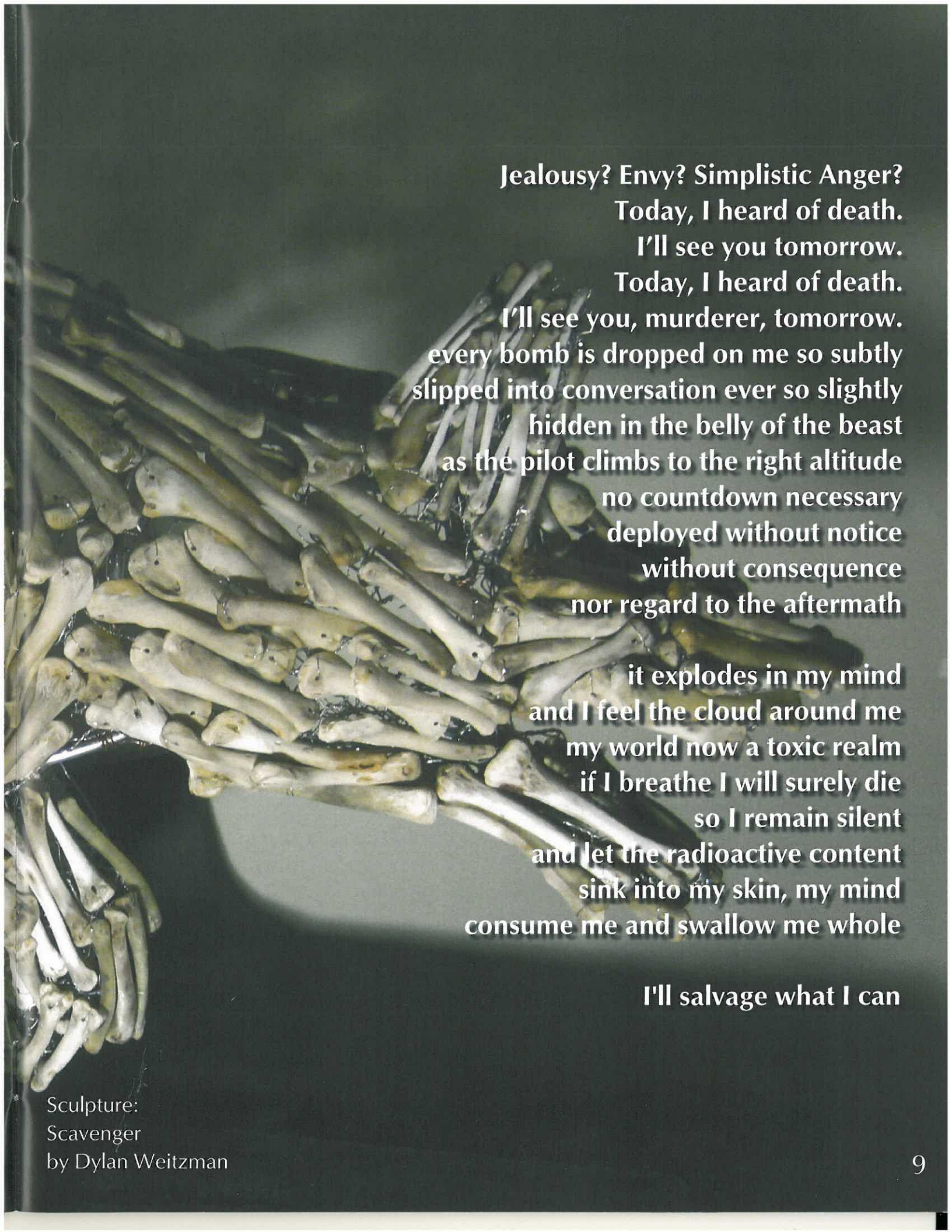
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I Heard of Death

by: Chelsea Charles

Today, I heard of death.
It's an ordinary day.
Today, I heard of death.
Why did it feel so commonplace?
I heard that a boy was shot.
A man I never knew.
I heard that a boy was shot.
Was there anything to do?
His father spoke with my mother.
He was walking down the street.
He went to see a girl,
But it was death that he would meet.
Her jealous boyfriend shot him.
What was going through his head?
Her jealous boyfriend killed him.
Now, someone is dead.
It's something that happens every day.
Why can't it be unique?
It's something we see every day.
Our daily lives can be bleak.
I am a detective.
What was the murderer?
Was it senselessness?



Jealousy? Envy? Simplistic Anger?
Today, I heard of death.
I'll see you tomorrow.
Today, I heard of death.
I'll see you, murderer, tomorrow.
every bomb is dropped on me so subtly
slipped into conversation ever so slightly
hidden in the belly of the beast
as the pilot climbs to the right altitude
no countdown necessary
deployed without notice
without consequence
nor regard to the aftermath
it explodes in my mind
and I feel the cloud around me
my world now a toxic realm
if I breathe I will surely die
so I remain silent
and let the radioactive content
sink into my skin, my mind
consume me and swallow me whole

I'll salvage what I can

Sculpture:
Scavenger
by Dylan Weitzman